Jottings from Overland Trip

TO ARIZONA AND CALIFORNIA

1908

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Jottings from Overland Trip to Arizona and California



TO MY BELOVED NIECES

MINNIE L. AND MABEL H. COLE, DAUGHTERS OF MELVILLE J. COLE,
THIS SMALL VOLUME IS AFFECTIONALELY INSCRIBED, BY
THEIR LOVING AUNT

M. ELIZABETH COLE.

HANSMAN & PRALOW
THE PRINTERS
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Jottings from an Overland Trip to Arizona and California.

I extend a cordial invitation to all my friends who through the mind's eye would like an overland trip to Arizona and California, returning in a few hours.



BROWNING MANOR.

Leaving the Browning Manor, February 3, 1908, I go to Newburgh; there I meet my schoolmate, Adina M. Gidley, who will accompany me on my journey. This eve Mrs. E. A. Gidley, at whose home we spend the night, gives us a very pleasant farewell company.

We leave with the good wishes of our many friends on February 4, 3:20, on the Erie Road, changing at Greycourt. Fields are white with snow, and farmers late with fall work, considerable corn standing in shock, not even husked. The weather grows colder; snow is falling. We reach Jamestown, this State, near midnight; passengers complain to the conductor that it is not warm enough. Says he, "I am doing the best I can for you. Weather is fiercely cold. Thermometer at this station stood 20 below zero!" I think for several hours we must be going north instead of south, and take all my wearing apparel from my suit case, and pack it around the window. We wish for the blanket shawls left at home. We suffer with the cold, but say nothing, for travelers must be content. The night is long.

February 5.—The storm still continues, yet we find ourselves in fairly good condition after the cold storage treatment. To cheer us a bit, a little Scotch girl of two years favors us with songs usually sung by tired children. Don't blame her, for eleven

days' travel on sea and land would tire a grown person. It is her third time to this country across the old Atlantic. Her parents look tired and worn. They say the ocean was very rough; they were seasick all the time. I take a bright, red apple from my lunch bag for the little lass. She cries no longer, but eats it with a relish. We reach Youngstown, Ohio, this morning about nine o'clock; here our Scotch friends leave us. From the window we see their relatives greeting them; we have glimpses of the steel works here. The weather is moderating; snow has turned to rain. The train waits half an hour at Kent. Conductors and porters are very kind, answering all our questions. We arrive at Marion, Ohio, 2 P. M., and have nearly an hour to wait. We find a nice lunch counter, and being hungry, sample the sandwiches and hot coffee. We purchase postals and write and mail a number. Just below the city we cross the Miami River. At Springfield there are large stone quarries. The southern part of this State is quite level; many acres of corn are standing uncut. We see orchards young and old, fine timber land, and

large factories. This train is called "The Western Flyer," so we speed swiftly on, across the Ohio River, and reach Cincinnati near eight in the eve. We are conveyed across the city in a bus to the B. &. O. road—we leave Erie Road here. Would like to have seen the city by daylight, as it is impossible to see far on a stormy night like this. Such a collection of human beings as there is here waiting for the different trains! It puts me in mind of Castle Garden, New York. At 9:15 we board the train for St. Louis, and pass a comfortable night. Occasionally our rest is broken by the crying of small children.

February 6—Daylight has come; we see vast stretches of level country. We are in Illinois now; the houses are small and low, few having the second story. Many coal shutes are to be seen. Now we cross the Mississippi and enter the city of St. Louis. It is near eight o'clock. The train stops, and off we hustle—every one in a hurry. Through the kindness of a lady, we find the General Ticket Office, as we have to pass our tickets over for inspection and have more added in length. Now, the

agent, I must be charitable with him, surely got up wrong this morning. He is cranky—the first one we have met, but I manage. Our stop-overs bother him; soon I convince him I would have what I paid for and nothing less. He makes the tickets out all right and in a friendly manner, then we hurry to get the western train, for it leaves a few minutes of nine. Safe on board, we wash our dirty faces, and do justice to our breakfasts. We are in Missouri now; car not crowded; we can have two seats apiece if we wish. We are headed for Kansas City; we see men, women and children at work in the fields. The primitive way they live is amusing. At nearly every station of late we see horses and mules saddled. Women as well as the men are expert riders. A young couple gets off the train at a small station; they have evidently been to a nearby town for groceries. Tied near the road stands their faithful beasts. The woman instantly mounts the horse; the man, the mule, and away they gallop. At 1:30 the train stops at Gaston for lunch. We pick up some pretty stones and mail postals. There are large stone quarries in this sec-

tion; just now we pass a fine ledge of gray and white rock. We can see the wood-choppers' log cabins, and piles of cordwood ready for shipping, lots of fine, black pigs and dirty children. We cross the Osage River and go many miles along the Missouri River, once, I think, crossing it. Roads are very muddy. Some crows fly past; they make me think of home. We catch a glimpse of a western turkey; they are larger than the Eastern breed, but about the same color. There is good farming land in this State. The train stops at Eldon, which looks like a fair-sized city. Many washings are out—Thursday must be Missouri wash day. If they have no line they use the fence and bushes to hang them on. There is no landscape gardening—not even a flower bed. Great heaps of straw are left to rot; corn is in shock and some not cut, but just the ears pulled off. Cattle are allowed to eat what they want. Have seen no silos yet; stock is turned out. But little fence is to be seen. Wonder how they keep track of their cattle! They make sure of their chickens and pigs, for they live around the cabins and on the porches. Now I begin to see

windmills. The sun has shone all day—first since we left Newburgh, N. Y. We land in Kansas City 8.54 in the eve, get something to eat, mail letters and cards. Here we see a number of cards printed in large letters, "Beware of Pickpockets!" We hang tight to our money, for, "A stitch in time often saves nine." We are grateful for the warning. We leave at ten on Rock Island & Southwestern for El Paso. The car is crowded, and we do not pass a very comfortable night.

February 7—We see the sun rise on the fertile plains of Kansas, dotted with large herds of cattle, and watch it set in Oklahoma—a fine sight. A Kentuckian who got on at St. Louis comes into our car at Kansas City. He is a chronic grumbler—nothing is right, accommodations poor, and so on. The train, he says, might overtake a snail, but never pass one. He is a small, wiry body, has a hitch in his walk, a complexion like an Egyptian mummy. He talks with every one that will listen, tells where he lives and where he is going, how many years he has

been married, the size of his family, and that he is bound for Southern California to see a son that went there twenty years ago. At last he begins on politics. My, that subject needs to be handled with care, especially among strangers and in a crowd. We are all so tired of his noise and want to rest, but he just lets fly his opinion of the different candidates running for office. It is growing late when a staunch Republican from the farther end of the car calls out in angry tones, "Everyone knows what you are, for if you had been a Republican you would know enough to keep your infernal mouth shut." He uses some profane words, then makes a poor apology to the ladies for it. Silence prevails and soon the Kentuckian is snoring, and wondering which is the worst.

February 8—All night we travel in New Mexico. It is a grand site this morning when the sun's first rays touch the White Mountains, many hundred feet above sea level. They are covered with a mantle of snow. On some of the foothills there is a growth of broom weed. A tiny infant has cried all the morn-

ing. My companion feels she can stand it no longer, so with her wintergreen bottle and teaspoon she prepares the sufferer a small dose. It works like magic, and she advises all who contemplate traveling not to forget the wintergreen bottle.

At Almagora station it seemed to us like an oasis in the desert, for New Mexico is barren enough, but here is a lovely park a mile long. Not far away on the mountain side is a sanitarium for persons suffering with tuberculosis. The elevation is 4,320 feet. The air ought to be good for throat and lungs. I see by the sign board that we are 86 miles from El Paso. As we journey on, I see fine lumber districts in this part of the State; also the Sacramento Mountains, which extend through the central and southern part of the State; also the Organ Range, the name being derived from their strange pipe-like shape; they are 8,000 feet high. Tiffany has mines near here. We see the San Andres, 14 miles wide and 50 long, and have a good view of Dog Canon. A new city is laid out here named Sacramento. All at once the train comes to a standstill on the plains; we are

up in an instant to know the cause. Our fears are soon quieted; it is only a hot box. Here the Kentuckian does us a kindness by getting us a bit of sage-brush and wild plants. My companion cannot resist the temptation, so she slips out of the car, finds a broken saucer and scrapes up some New Mexico soil to take home. One young man is an encyclopedia, giving us all the information we need. We reach El Paso near noon and wait until seven in the evening. To begin with, we hunt till we find the lunch room. Everything is nice; this station has the best accommodations one could wish for. My companion stays with the baggage while Mrs. Austin and daughter from Colorado and I take trolley ride to Plaza and the old church at Jaurez, Mexico. It is called the Gaudalaupe Church, and is over 300 years old. That quaint Mexican village I shall never forget. Their low, adobe houses I cannot accurately describe. All is very interesting. After my return I stay with the baggage, and my companion goes for a walk. We purchase cards here and do some mailing, have hot coffee, and are ready for the seven o'clock train.

She is on track No. 4, El Paso and Southwestern Road. After an hour's ride the conductor comes through, looks at our tickets, and immediately swells up with indignation. Says he, "You are on the wrong road, or else there is a mistake in the tickets. I will stop the train at the next station, and you can take the first train to El Paso and continue your journey on the Southern Pacific Road to Benson. His hand is on the bell cord. I "riz up," as Samantha Allen says, "and says I, 'how son can I get a train?'" He very cooly says, "to-morrow morning." I tell him if there is any mistake in those tickets, it has been made by the General Agent at St. Louis, for he was a crank, or the gateman at El Paso has directed us wrong. I showed him those tickets twice, and asked him to be sure to make no mistake, that we wanted to reach Bisbee, Arizona, and that was our first stop-off. Kindly he said, "You can go right from here to Bisbee; the train on track four leaves at 7 this evening." Surely this is the one. "Yes, but you should have gone to Benson first." "Well, I expect to pay extra for side trips, and what is the difference whether I pay

here, or from Benson, so long as I get there. This is the only road by which I can reach that place." His size is normal now, and he politely says, "You can pay the agent at Bisbee just as well; I will fix those tickets so there will be no trouble when you change at Duglas." I thank him; fight is over, victory won. We settle down for a few hours' rest, if rest it may be called. I will credit that road with being equal to the old P. & E. in Dutchess County. About four in the morning we change cars at Duglas. Not far away can be seen the Copper Queen Smelting Works. Now we have a new conductor. When he finds out our destination he says, "Are you going to that God-forsaken place, a part He has forgotten to claim?" "Well, I begin to think there is some truth in what he says, for it looks as if all the waste material of countless worlds has been dumped here. It seems we must be entering a tunnel, when lo! the train slides in between two narrow mountains. Just inside this entrance is Bisbee. We are glad to step from the train this bright, Sabbath morning, February 9, at 8:20, after four days and five nights' travel.

Mr. William Gidley and little daughter are here to greet us. Our trunks and suitcases are taken by the expressman. We decided to walk. Mine eyes take in considerable. They may be two acres of level ground, but I fear I stretch the truth, on which stand the depot, a large department store of the Copper Queen Company, post office, two banks, drug store, and the Presbyterian Church. Here we start on the up-grade. Tombstone Canon it is called. The flag walks are gone, and when we can no longer follow the narrow foot path, we take the road round Castle Rock, Quality Hill, and by the skating rink, a little stream of water following along the road all the way. A number of small, one-story houses dot the wayside. In yards where soil enough is found they plant cottonwood trees, which afford some shade. Here and there can be seen different varieties of cactus. A mile on our way we take a branch off canon. This is steep, so we go slowly. Mrs. Gidley and son come part way down to meet us. At last we reach their comfortable little home on the mountain side. A good breakfast is prepared, to which we do justice.

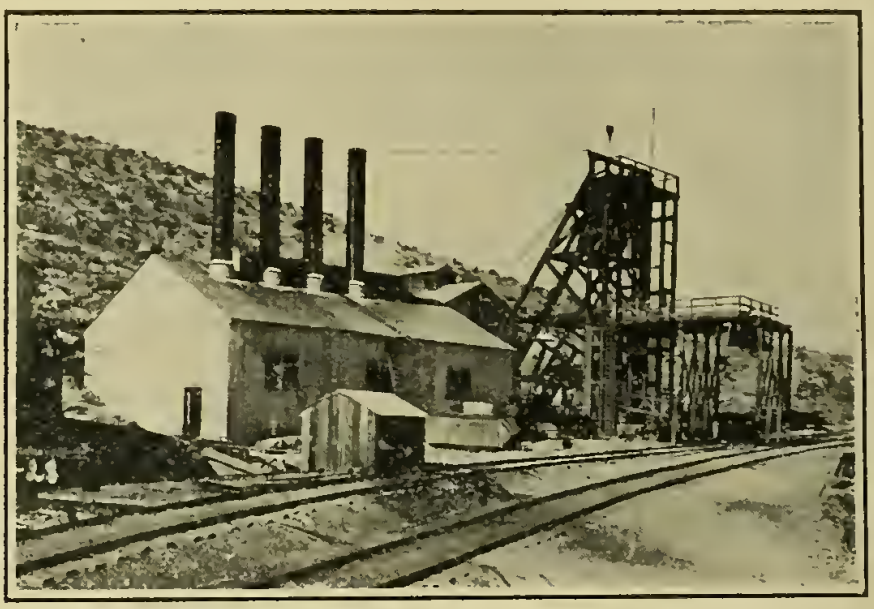
It seems good to sit down to a table with friends. We have done all the talking possible in a short time. It is near 3 o'clock, and Mr. Gidley is going to show us about the city, then to the entrance of the Holbrook Mine, where he works, to be there when the day shift comes up and the others go down to their underground tomb for eight hours. As an old woman said, "I feel nigh onto tuckered out," but I am here to see, and see I must all I can, for I'll not be coming this way again.

We go down the same road we came over this morning, turning by the post office, cross the railroad, and walk a short distance on the track of the railroad that brings the ore from the copper mines. I would like to know what that is for; it looks like an unpainted milk rack, only on a larger scale. There are two, and I should think each about fifty feet long; the end one that joins the two, thirty feet; the width of them three or less; and the height nearly twenty feet. There is an open court inside. At the lower end the electric light plant is built to supply the city and mines. Now, those racks have three shelves, or,

rather, troughs, which look to be over a foot deep, and are filled with old tin. A dark, greenish looking water flows in one end at the top, and drips down from one tier to the other. Mr. Gidley tells us, "That is copper water pumped from the mines. It comes in that large pipe. Continual running of the water on the tin soon eats it up, and this is the way the copper is separated from the water. It is called the 'precipitating plant.' The slime, or mud-like stuff is retained in drying tanks for several weeks before shipment to the smelters at Duglas. The plant extracts about ninety-five per cent. value. After leaving the plant, the water is conveyed away by means of a flume. Those racks are kept filled with tin, for which the company pay $10 per ton." Now, the company does not get all the old tin ware, for the goats must have their share. Most likely it aids digestion after a hearty meal on old rags, shoes and scrub oak. I wonder how they manage to exist, for there is nothing to be seen that looks like grass around here just now.

Farther on we enter a large building, where we

see the monster engines and machinery that hoist the cages containing the little cars of ore, and takes the empty one back. The cages are raised and lowered by a closely woven steel wire belt, five or six inches wide. There are three engines. The men that at-



ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE MINES.

tend to this part of the work stand on a raised platform by the engines. Here is one, with his hand on a lever, watching something in front of him that is similar to a large round clock with figures on the outer edge, and a large hand, or pointer. His eyes scarcely leave it, for by it he knows when the cages

are ready to be raised or lowered. The pointer tells him just how many feet the cage is from top or bottom of the shaft. All precaution possible is taken that there be no accident. We watch the loaded cars come up, and notice the order and system the men have in working. As fast as the loaded cars come they are run by the men on a small track to the farther end of the building, and dumped into a shute that carries the ore into iron cars below. Back fly the empty cars on another track; a man pushes it into the cage, closes the gate, and down it goes. We see pieces of azurite and malachite, as well as ruby, mixed with the copper ore. As it is five o'clock, we wait to see the cages bring the day shift of men up. They are packed like sardines in a box. Dirty, sweaty looking fellows they are. The company provides large bath-houses for their employees, and each man has his own little clothes closet, where he keeps his mining suit at night, and his good ones during the day. A large steam pipe runs through them all, so the wet clothes are dry when he wants them in the morning. Every closet is numbered and locked.

Each man has a check bearing the number of his closet, which he gives to the man in charge of the building before he goes into the mine to work. On his return he receives his check; soon he is washed, clothes changed, and with dinner-pail in hand he is bound for home. We are glad it happened that Mr. Gidley could go with us to what I call the outlet of the Holbrook mine. The entrance is at another place on the mountain side. A hot supper awaits us, and we do justice to it. We talk until nearly eleven o'clock, then say good night. I cannot tell how tired we are, or how glad we are to lay ourselves down in a comfortable bed.

February 10—This is our second day here. It begins to rain, and the day following turns to snow, and for two days and nights it is what I call good, winter weather. Water pipes freeze and burst. Many of them are laid on top of the ground, being less expense for the company, and seldom freezing or snowing here. Some of the miners charge this severe spell of weather to us New Yorkers. We all

have colds to pay for it, and while waiting to get rid of mine will tell you something about this great mining city and the State. Bisbee is situated in the southwest corner of Arizona, in what is called Tombstone Canon. The elevation is 5,600 feet, and the population is 17,000. I wonder where they all live. I am told at least 8,000 work in the mines. There are thirty-three mines in all, several of which are not in operation just now. Holbrook is the largest one. The houses are built on the steep mountain sides, terraced one above another. It makes me think of pictures I have seen of Cliff Dwellers. It is wonderful how they climb those steep paths and long flights of almost perpendicular stairs, to say nothing about getting eatables and furniture there. Everything is carried up by hand, except wood and coal, which the Mexicans bring on the backs of the little burros. An iron frame is strapped on their backs, to which is fitted small canvas bags, one on each side. These are filled with short sticks of juniper wood and large chunks of soft coal. A Mexican generally has from two to ten burros in his train, and I have counted



BURROS USED FOR CARRYING COAL.

more. In Bisbee's youthful days the burros had to carry up all the water that was used. Now the city furnishes it by laying pipes along the mountain sides, and persons owning or renting houses are taxed for it. To tell you the plain truth, it is just a substiute for water, it is so hard and filled with lime. I have washed out several handkerchiefs, and they look worse, if possible, than in the beginning. You can put in all you like of borax and gold dust, then skim the limey scum off till you are tired, and still it is hard so you can form your own idea as to how their white clothes look. Some, I think, wear their clothes until

they are worn out, and then throw them down the ravine. Nearly everything in the line of wearing apparel is there, from hat to shoes, but nothing is wasted, for Billy is soon chewing them up. The city is lighted by electricity, and presents a fine appearance at night. The moonlight is grand—such a silvery clearness.

Land, or rather, the rocky mountain sides, are expensive. Mr. Gidley is assessed for $250 on his rocky piece, and it is only 59x85 feet. Not long ago he was offered $800 for it. To build, you first dig several holes quite deep at the lower edge of your claim; long, heavy timbers are set in upright; then thick planks are laid inside the posts. Cable-like wire holds the upright timbers firmly, for they are fastened to the mountain side. Then you blast and dig out near the top a place large enough for the house, using the stone to fill in the space next to the planks and upright timbers. This you call your yard. If your strength holds out, you can get a little soil from the ditch at the foot of the mountain and make a little flower bed, and plant two or three cottonwood trees. Oh, my! You will need shade and flowers—

something to brighten and cheer in this remote part of the world. I am told that some wild flowers grow on the mountain side in summer time. Many varieties of cacti are to be seen. The yucca and muscal are very handsome when in bloom. The blossom stalk is from fifteen to twenty feet high. Mexicans use the dry stalks for fence rails. The Muscal is called in the east the Century Plant. Natives make a very intoxicating drink from it by roasting the leaves. It is called drink muscal.

Over the steep mountains we find narrow paths made by the little burros. I suppose in search of something green to eat. Occasionally a low-growing scrub oak is found, and I have seen two or three stunted pines. A boy just across the ravine here has a pet burro, that always at dawn of day begins to bray, and keeps it up; now sleep if you can! I imagine he says, "Please bring my breakfast and something to drink!' After several hours the owner appears with a lock of dry hay, which could be packed in a pail, I do believe, but the poor beast is delighted to get it. Still I am sure there is unfilled space in his stomach.

I see enough to convine me that these little animals are often much abused. To be sure, hay and grain are high, but all they get in return for their work is what they eat. You would be surprised to see what heavy loads of wood, coal, dirt, stones and old iron are placed on their little backs to carry. They are called by some, stubborn; I guess their owners make them so.

So far as I can see, Arizona is much the same as New Mexico, composed of mountains and narrow canons and fertile valleys—that is, fertile where water can be obtained. It is the greatest copper-producing territory or State in the Union. The earliest history that they have of mines being worked in the territory is over 130 years ago, in the Santa Rita Mountains, a range in the western part. Several of them are in the Salero district of these mountains. The translation of Salero is "salt cellar"; it is thought to be a Spanish work. In all these intervening years they have never ceased to make history for Arizona. It was from the old Arizona mine south of a place called Tubas that the territory takes it name, but how, or

by whom, the word was coined is no longer known. When a territory was carved out of the loins of New Mexico it was called Arizona, and I guess Arizona it will be. Some people think the name originated from Arid Zone. Few realize the extent or size of Arizona. I am told the eastern border is 300 miles long, and the northern boundary 285 miles. Bisbee is in Cochise County, and is eighty miles square. Thirty-five or forty years ago there were but few white men in this range of mountains, and less than a dozen recorded claims; now there is over a thousand. At that time the Indian was the dominating factor, and death jostled the elbows of the daring prospector or the adventurous traveler, and many deeds of inhuman savagery were perpetrated. The most hostile tribes inhabited the southwestern part, but now the inhabitants look upon this as history, and events that will never be repeated. Arizona to day is a hive of mining industry from east to west.

Copper was first discovered in Bisbee thirty years ago by an old prospector named George Warren, but there was no practical mining carried on until a few

years later, as Warren had no means to develop his claim. There were no railroads near here to afford transportation facilities. Warren died a poor man, after transferring the property to a man named Williams, who in a short time sold his interests to James Duglas, of New York City. Duglas is one of the organizers of the Copper Queen Company, which today operates the mines. They are smelting on the average of 120 tons of copper per day, and sometimes more, which, selling at 15 cents per pound, amounts to $36,000 per day, and at 20 cents would amount to $48,000. This is just the copper value alone, and there is enough gold and silver in the ore to pay for treating, leaving the copper production clear. There is talk of Arizona and New Mexico being admitted to statehood. No doubt Arizona is better equipped for statehood than were many other territories at the time of their admission, but its growth has been more recent.

New Mexico covers an area of 122,469 square miles. It will be the largest State in the Union, excepting Texas, California and Montana. In 1908

there were not less than 2,560,000 acres included in cultivated farms. The irrigation work now under construction will cost many millions. New Mexico has within its boundaries more than 8,000,000 acres of timber land, includng several million acres of forest reserve. The population is estimated at 500,000.

Having recovered from our colds, we visit all the business places in the City of Bisbee except the saloons. There are some very fine buildings, including private residences, some of which are two or three stories high. Most of the houses are small, low, one-story, three-roomed cottages. Rents are high; even a two-roomed, unpainted shack, I am told, rents for $8 and $10 a month. They have no cellar; they hardly know what that word means. There is a little shack on the terrace above Mr. Gidley's, in which I notice a large pane of glass is broken. On inquiry I am told the couple that had lived there drank. Both were filled with the fiery stuff the night before we arrived, and the result was a quarrel and fight. The husband threw his wife out of the window, and she landed in

a muscal plant. She never lost a minute, but hurried back to finish the job. I do not know which won the victory. The day we came they moved out, so the play was declared off.

The way troubles are settled out here would make your hair stand straight. Shooting each other is a common occurrence, and they shoot to kill, too. Where they bury their dead is more than I know. I have seen no cemetery or unmarked grave. Perhaps all ceremony is omitted, and they find a resting place with Mr. Holly's pet dog, far down the yawning chasm.

The fine hospital and dispensary here is provided by the mining company. All operations have to be paid for. Everything is high here, as well as the mountains—lumber, building material, groceries and clothing. Cow's milk is 15 cents a quart; I think that is the reason so many keep goats. Buttermilk is 20 cents a gallon, and not a desirable quality at that.

February 16—This is my last Sunday here; the sun shines bright; it is quite warm, and we all go

for a wark farther up the canon. We see several cows, and some poultry, which is a real treat; there are also a number of nice homes. This is the main road to the county seat at Tombstone. Whatever gave it that name is more than I know. I see a number of Indian and Mexican shacks on the mountain side. Not meaning to speak disrespectfully of Arizona or the good people living here, yet take all in all, it is a tough-looking country around here to me, and many of the inhabitants ditto.

February 17.—The wind blows a gale this morning, but we venture out, and, after a hard climb, gain the eastern mountain top. We have a good view of two-thirds of the City of Bisbee. On the following day we still have the climbing fever, so after dinner we start to scale Mule Mountain's heights, just west from here. Dressed for the occasion, we descend, cross the canon, and soon reach the foot-hills. We pass a cabin where an old man is sitting, and he says, "Are you out for a walk?" We tell him yes, and he smiles, no doubt thinking us silly maids. Alas! We little know what hardships await us, or we would

never undertake it. Onward and upward we toil; progress is slow; we must make sure of our footing. The farther we go, the farther away seems the mountain top; it is evident our eyes cannot measure distance well. Walking is very difficult, for there are many loose stones. The scrub oaks are few. Towards the summit there are ledges of rocks, white and reddish white. It looks as though it had been burned in a dreadful fire ages ago. At last the way grows so steep that I am obliged to creep. To stand is impossible. Cautiously we move along, for we realize that if we miss our hold on rock or stone we will be dashed to pieces hundreds of feet below. At last I pull myself over the edge to a comparatively level place. I am completely tired out; hands are scratched and bleeding, and clothes are torn. I spy my companion making the steep ascent on her hands and knees. In a moment she gains a place of safety. We console ourselves thinking we are walking where human footsteps have never trod. Picture our surprise when we walk up to the highest point, and find a can opener and the spot where some campers have

had a fire. We acknowledge then that we are neither a Livingston nor a Perry, but I feel sure those people came up another side of the mountain. The view from here is grand. As I look toward the west there is a broad valley many miles in length and width, running north and south. Herds of cattle are grazing on the wild grass, which looks quite green. In the far distance dimly outlined is Duglas. To the south is Cannanea, where much of Bisbee's supply of fruit and vegetables come from. After resting, we start on the downward trip. My companion says, "I wonder if we will get back alive, or without any broken bones. I believe I will keep to the right side of the mountain going down; which way are you going?" To which I answer, "I guess I will keep on top as long as I can, for I want to see Bisbee from yonder point; then I will work my way down from there. Perhaps I can keep you in sight." We start, and I take in all the sights, for a while getting along fairly well, considering the snow is from three to five inches deep in many places. Finally I reach a point where I can neither turn to the

right or left; to go back is impossible. It is very steep, and the snow makes it slippery underfoot, and I know what one misstep means. I pull my skirts about me, sit down carefully, and, with the aid of a yucca stalk that I have, dig my heels in and hold tight to my cane. In this way I slide many feet, till I find I can stand without danger of falling. I have to be careful in walking, for there are many deep holes left by people prospecting for ore. If you chance to slip into one, and you are alone, you are gone for good. Finally, I reach the narrow valley just back of the Hospital, and more dead than alive. I promise myself it will be a long time before I get into another scrape like this. I have lost sight of my companion. Perhaps she has made better time than I, so I hobble up the hill to the Gidley cottage. To my surprise, I hear my hostess calling, "Where is your companion?" I answer, "Thought she was back. Well, I can't look for her; I think she will come," and she did. Soon she is calling to know if I am there. When assured I am her fears depart, and she is soon with us. While we are glad we have been on top of Mule Mountain,

we will never undertake it again. Call us silly chumps if we do.

February 17.—Mr. William Gidley has obtained permit to take us through the Holbrook Mine this evening. Our hostess will accompany us, a neighbor kindly caring for the children during our absence. Arrayed in garments suitable for the journey, we leave the cottage at about eight o'clock. We keep the back streets; we don't want to attract more attention than necessary.

What we lack in fancy toggery to make our full-dress suits complete, we obtain at the Company bath house. Then we go to the mine entrance.

First is the shop where the blacksmith work is done. Compressed air is used. The awful roar of that flaming forge can never be forgotten. I feel sure the smith and his workman are minus ear drums or brain trouble. Their hammers never vary, but come down on the red-hot irons in just the right place, as it passes from one workman to another, till the drill or pick is sharpened. We are glad to make our stay

here short, and get to a more quiet place, for it is impossible to make each other hear.

We pass farther on to the cage that takes the workmen down. The permit is shown, and we step in. The man in charge closes the gate, and swiftly lowers us to section four, which is 400 feet below. There is a peculiar odor, and a strange feeling comes over us in the darkness, and I feel a bit sick. As I step from the cage, the sight makes me think of the streets of a city on a dark night, lighted by electricity. I peer down the long underground avenue as far as possible. There are 2,500 electric lights in this mine, and 5,000 wax candles are used daily. Each workman has three. A heavy bent wire forms the candlestick. It is carried by the thumb, or sometimes hung on the rim of his hat, or the sharp end stuck in the timber while he works.

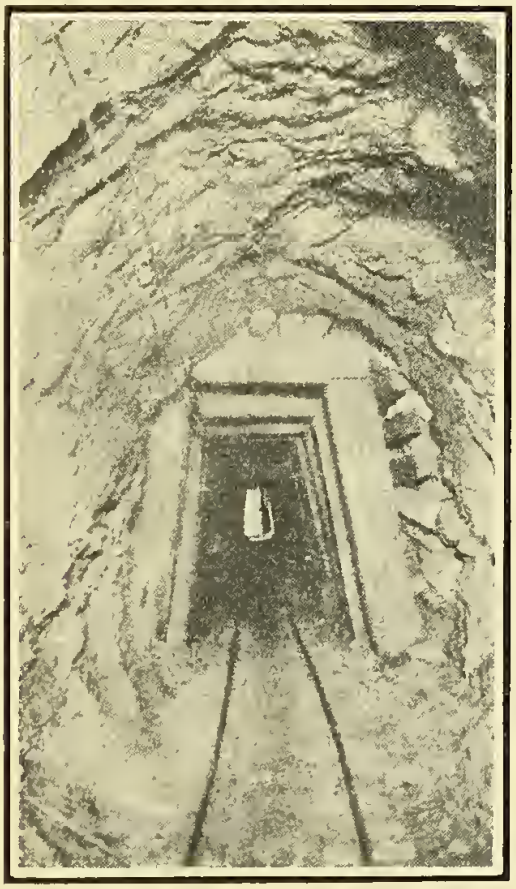
Each of us have a lighted candle. We need them, for the copper water is dripping down in many places. All that can be is pumped in a large pipe that carries it to the city, where the copper is separated from the water by the tin can process. The amount varies;

during the rainy season the flow of copper water being more, and in dry weather less. We tarry a few minutes watching the mule trains come in with the little cars of ore. See how the cars are run in the cages and hoisted to the building! I described it to you the first day we spent in Bisbee. Each little mule seems to know what his part of the work is. Just a wave of the hand, and back he trots with his empty cars. This mine has nearly 150 miles of underground tunnels open at present, and about 125 miles of railroad track.

Mr. Gidley is one of the track overseers, and has twelve men under him. They go over as much of the road as possible during the eight hours' work, then another overseer and his men take up the work. There are three shifts of men during the twenty-four hours. Work never stops in the mines except on the Fourth of July and on Christmas. If you were to arrive in Bisbee on Sunday, you would feel as I did—that either you or the Arizonians have forgotten the day of the week, for every kind of work is going on, the same as though it were a week day. The saloons do

a thriving business from all appearances. You can count them by the dozens.

Now the strong copper water will eat a steel rail through in twenty-four hours. I have some fragments given me. New rails have to be laid in different places every day. We stop to fill a bottle with copper water, and find pieces of clear copper, also a bit of asbestos.



ROCK AND TIMBER DRIFT.

As fast as the workmen dig out, unless in solid rock, it is heavily timbered over head and sides. Mr. Gidley says, "But few persons realize the amount of timber consumed in a mine of such magnitude as this. One million feet every twenty-four hours is used in the Queen Mine alone, to say nothing of the other mines in Bisbee." Great care is taken to protect the lives of workers. In one place I see an immense chimney-like hole, which looks and smells as if it might have served for one in some great underground fire centuries ago. I managed to get a loose piece of stone. The men are courteous, and all seem happy. I remark, "I don't begrudge the workmen their wages." One fellow looks at me, smiles and says, "We don't mind working here; rather like it." I find as a general thing they all did. Mr. Gidley says, "Do you know, I have gotten so I just love these old brown mountains. I cannot tell why, but there is a fascination somewhere." So my sympathy is not needed.

We return to the cage and go 400 feet farther down. My! What a difference! It is dryer, and

the air much better. Electric fans and drinking fountains for men and mules are to be found on every section in the mine. We get some fine specimens of ore here, and a little crystal dust. It is beautiful as you see it in the mine, like the feathery frost on the trees of a cold winter morning, but it nearly vanishes at touch. If left undisturbed, it will harden in time. Fine specimens are found here; crystal, lime crystal, crystal where copper water has run through it, leaving it a lovely shade of emerald green, and crystal where iron water has run through it, leaving it a lovely shade of amber. One of the workmen gives my companion a lovely piece of amber crystal he found. I am told there is a beautiful crystal cave in the mine. The Freemasons on several occasions held meetings in it, but visitors defaced it so much by breaking off large pieces of cryctal, that the company decided to fill it with stone and waste material from blasting. The door is kept locked, and no one is admitted.

(It will be interesting to know that several months later the workmen broke into a new cave, or

a continuation of the one they are filling up. Mr. Gidley, not being very busy that night, conceived the idea to explore the cave. He writes it was the greatest sight he ever saw. The different specimens of lime crystalization that hung on those walls were simply grand, but to describe it is beyond power of mortal tongue. He just sat amazed, and thought after seeing this magnificent display of Nature's underground curiosity shop, there remained no more on earth for mortal eyes.

The entrance is by a small hole two feet in diameter. He had to crawl on his stomach twenty feet. It was a perilous task. Then the cave took a downward course. He returned for a rope, and securely fastened one end above, and the other around his body. He swung out and down, over the huge cliff or rocks, about forty feet below. How large this cave is, they do not know, and perhaps never will, but he has the honor of being the first human being that ever set foot in it.

He succeeded in getting some very fine specimens of crystal, which he values. There are many

specimen hunters, but the company will not allow them in the cave.)

We have now reached the part of the mine where Mr. Eaton works. He says, "If you girls can climb down this ladder into the stoker, you can get finer pieces of ore." We look, but decide not to venture. Now we go to the mule stables. No horse on top the ground is better cared for. They have roomy stalls, plenty of hay and grain, and, to use the homely phrase, they are as slick as minks. They are never taken up unless sick or disabled. They are practically blind to daylight. I have the good luck to find two of their shoes, one at 400, and the other at 800 feet below.

Now I must tell you how the rats live on friendly terms with the miners. They seem to know when a blast is going to be put off, and away they rush to a place of safety, but as soon as the smoke clears away, they are back again. I see all sizes. One little fellow is going along on the manger railing in the mules' stables. Mr. Gidley tips his candle, letting the wax run on the little fellow's head, and he seems to enjoy our playing with him. It is many a good bite they

get from the workmen's dinner pails. It is surprising how well they know when it is lunch time. The men consider them great scavengers, and they are never killed.

It is near twelve o'clock; we take the cage and return to section four. Here we find the men taking their midnight meal, and they have hot coffee, too. I will tell you how they get it. They save their candle stumps from day to day. When they are ready to eat, they set three or four in the earth, and place a stone edgeways on two sides of them. These are a few inches higher than the lighted candles. They place the pail containing the coffee on top, and before you know it the coffee is hot. We have to wait fifteen minutes till the men are through.

Mr. Gidley says the output of the mine has been as high as $50,000 a day. They never have strikes here. While the men receive from three to four dollars and upward per day, the price is governed to some extent by the rise and fall in copper. When it is high they get more, and less when it is low. The pay roll averages $250,000 a month. There is enough

valuable mineral mixed with the copper ore to pay the whole cost of smelting.

Lunch eaten, the men are ready for work. Our subterraneous journey ended, we hustle in the cage and quickly land on top of the earth. The moon and stars shine forth in their silvery brightness. It is cool, and we are glad to pull our wraps about us and trot along as fast as our tired feet will allow. We leave our borrowed finery at the bath house and take the shortest cut to the cottage on the mountain side. It is after one o'clock when we drop in bed, feeling grateful that our calling is to earn our living on top of Mother Earth. Her blanket of six feet will be all the covering our framework needs later on.

February 18.—We are stiff from last night's tramp. Just the same we would like to go this morning and see a case of mineral and crystals in the bank near the postoffice. Although we have seen them once, we want to go again, for they are beautiful. We decide to wait till later and get the afternoon mail. Will tell you all I have learned about the Copper Queen Smelt-

ing works at Duglas. When the mines were first opened, the smelting was done here, and later moved to Duglas, which is nearly west from here, between two and three hours' ride on the train. I would like to go through the works, and, were I making a longer stay here, I should.

The ore is first crushed, and the sulphur and arsenic extracted. It passes through the different refining processes. At one stage the slag is raked out by a man with something similar to a hand rake, only larger, with a handle forty feet long. He gets eight dollars a day for eight hours' work. When we changed cars at Duglas on the morning of February 9, we had a chance to see from the car window, though quite a distance from the smelting works, the red-hot slag as it was dumped down the embankment. I did not learn where the Roosevelt dam is being built by the United States government. It is said to irrigate 250,000 acres in the Salt River valley. The people here feel confident that they will be well supplied then, with fruit and vegetables of all kinds. They tell me the climate is the best. Well, it is a poor

sample that is being given us so far since our arrival in Bisbee.

Our hostess is not so well as usual, and my companion thinks she had best not go for a walk; I was in the bank last week admiring the beautiful collection of crystals and minerals, so I will make that answer and stay and help now, and go for the mail and do some errands later in the day, as I leave for Ontario, Cal., tomorrow morning.

February 19.—I am sorry to say Mrs. Wm. Gidley is quite sick; I was in hopes the morning would find her better, as I have made arrangements to go but I feel I will be one less to do for. My visit has been a pleasant one, and I thank Mr. and Mrs. Gidley heartily for their kind hospitality. The expressman having gone with my trunk and suitcase, I bid farewell to my friends, and, with lunch bag and pail of ore, make haste for the depot.

I straighten affairs with the agent for my ride from El Paso here, costing $4.60. I say good-bye to my companion, for I leave her here with her brother,

Wm. W. Gidley. I board the train; slowly it moves out. How it would surprise the people of Bisbee, could they see the Empire State Express go by!

For several hours the train goes over the same track, until we come to a wide valley. Here are driven wells. I think the land would produce well if there were sufficient rainfall. Not far from Charlston Station is the ruins of an adobe settlement. Half-past eleven finds me at Benson. It is comparatively level around here, with mountains to be seen in the distance. The inhabitants are mostly Mexicans and Chinese, and, as the darkey said, "some low white trash, too." I am not casting any reflections on the better class. I can tell you I feel a bit shy, for each passer eyes me closely. The station is only a substitute for one, with no accommodations whatever—not even a drink of water to be had.

Looking west I see a few buildings; a sign on one reads, "Hotel and Saloon." You would know it without the sign, for there is a continued going and coming of men from there, wiping their mouths and talking so loudly! How thankful I am I do not

have to stay over night in such a place! I can hardly write, there is such a jabbering of different languages. I see the baggage man and get my trunk checked through to Pacific Grove. When I cross the road to the postoffice to do some mailing, I wonder if I better leave the letters, for the place does not strike me favorably, but I venture. The wait here has been a tiresome one. The train is late; it is after five, but I take courage, for methinks I hear the whistle. I board the train of the Southern Pacific Cost Line Route, and wash the collection of the day's dust and dirt off, or at least, as much as will come off, eat my lunch, and then settle down to rest and think.

Everyone is quiet for some time, when the porter comes in and says we are crossing the Colorado at Yuma. Yuma Desert is one of the hottest places in California. If you are lost there your fate is death from thirst and hunger, unless you can get to a railroad track and signal the train. I understand the law there is that trains must stop if signaled, and take the men on board, giving them food and drink. They must not leave a person to die on the desert. There

are fertile spots in the desert like islands in the sea, where water is plentiful, and flowers, fruit and vegetable growth, although it is exceedingly hot. I should like to see this part of the State by daylight, but no use wishing for twenty-four hours of daylight; that would be selfish.

Not long after passing Cabelo we come to the Salten Sea. It is interesting to know that this Salten Sea was one land owned and cultivated by different persons. One of the railroad officials tells me he thinks it was in 1904 or 1905 that the Salten Desert, as it is called, began to sink, which caused an inflow from the Colorado River. It is now 50 miles long and 40 miles wide at its widest point. The Southern Pacific R. R. Co. have been obliged to move their tracks twice in five years, and even now the water dashes against the track for many miles. Salt is not manufactured, although it contains quite a large percentage of salt. Some think it is receding slowly, and that in time the land may be reclaimed. I can see many small heaps of salt that have been scraped up for some purpose, and by moonlight it looks like snow.

February 20.—When the sun is rising, I see at Coachella fertile fields of onions and cabbage, and at the same time have a fine view of the Sierra Madre Mountains covered with snow. At Indio there are cottonwood trees and large palms.

A pretty place is a station called Banning. It is situated in a fertile valley, with large orchards of peach trees in bloom. These are the first real green fields I have seen in this State. Fine cattle and horses are grazing. There must be frequent rains. I am glad to be coming to the land of fruit and flowers. It is pleasant also at Red Land Junction, with the large orange and lemon groves.

It continues about the same to Ontario, where I stop off. This is an ideal spot. The station I note is scrupulously clean. It is half-past eleven, and a mist is falling. As my friend is not here to meet me, I will inquire the way to the Wallace cottage; so I leave suitcase with agent, and off I start, feeling I am in fairyland or the promised land, for it is just delightful here. There are broad streets, fine palms, pepper and eucalyptus trees, and flowers growing in profusion by

the sidewalks, including petunias, verbenas, candytuft, nasturtiums, and last, but not least, poppies. Everybody looks good. They are kind to answer my inquiries, and soon I find the Pleasant Plains people. Mrs. M. Wallace is sick in bed, but all give me a warm welcome that I shall never forget. After dinner Mrs. Sheriger and I take a walk about the place. I am more in love with it than ever after seeing the fine churches, stores, nice library, and so many beautiful homes. I see no real poor looking person on the street, and everything is so clean and wholesome. I am told it is a temperance town, and it looks it. I remark, "That accounts for the honest look I see in the faces of the men we pass."

Friday we take a trolley ride seven miles north to the foot of the mountains and walk up near where the village water supply comes from. It does not seem we have ridden so far, for the country is very level around Ontario. We see many fine orange groves laden with fruit ready for picking. Saturday we call on a friend of Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Sheriger, and are shown many lovely water-color pictures, mostly

landscapes, and one large fruit and flower piece in oil. They have a gem of a home, so dainty and nice; may they live long to enjoy it!

Sunday, February 23.—Now instead of going to church, we go to Los Angeles and take the Balloon Excursion trolley car, as we can get this car only on Sundays. We travel over 75 miles, stopping at eight different cities, and spending nearly an hour at the Soldiers' National Home just beyond the City of Sautelle. There are 800 inmates, 780 being seated at different tables at the same time for their meals. We are taken through the various buildings, and find everything clean and comfortable. I judge the men are well cared for. We ride twenty miles along the ocean; the last beach we stop at is called Moonstone. Many small children are going about with little pails or basins filled with what they call moonstones, trying to sell them to visitors. They seemed to have poor success, for I heard one child say to another, "Have you sold any?" The reply was, "No, it's a bum crowd that's here." I felt she was doing her best to compli-

ment us. It is after dark when we return to Ontario, tired, of course, but feeling the day has been pleasantly and profitably spent.

Ontario has a population of 3500. The mountains to the north are snow-capped. The highest peak is called Old Baldy, and the next in height is Grayback. I wish all my friends could come and see for themselves how nice it is here. I would like to come again myself.

February 24.—I bid friends adieu this lovely morning and take the 11 o'clock train on the Southern Pacific Road for Pacific Grove, changing at Los Angeles. I wait an hour and a half, meanwhile eating my lunch, and looking around. There is not much to be seen from this waiting-room. The colored matron is very kind and pleasant. The 2.35 train is on time, and away I speed. A few minutes of four we enter the Coast Range tunnel. What a sight these rocks are! After ten minutes or more we emerge into the light again. A beautiful level valley greets us. Men are plowing and harrowing with two and three teams, one ahead

of the other. Most of the afternoon the snow-capped mountains have been in sight. The sunset on the Pacific is grand. From four in the afternoon till long after dark we journey along the coast, passing a comfortable night.

February 25.—We reach Castroville this morning at 4.35, and have to wait till near ten in the forenoon for a train to Pacific Grove. On stepping from the car I find it very dark, and a mist almost like rain is falling. I am the only passenger getting off. I ask the trainman if he will help me to the station, and he does so willingly. From the dim light in the station I can hardly see his face, but I know he has a kindly heart, for when he sets my baggage down he says, "I am glad there is a fire here; it will be more comfortable for you, as it is damp and chilly." I thank him; he tips his cap, and with a pleasant "good night" is off for his train. I hear him say to the agent as he passes out, "Look after that fire." The agent is neither young nor good looking. He takes the poker with the idea of fixing that fire so it will burn better, but

alas! it goes out, and he leaves without saying a word. I hear him lock his office and go; then I know I am alone. You can never realize the feeling of utter loneliness that takes possession of me. I am more than three thousand miles from kinfolks, in a strange place, and among strangers; yet I know the same great Father cares for all. Looking around the room I see it is very clean, even the stove having a good coat of blacking. The window shades are new, and there are pictures hung up. I know I am among a different class of people than Benson produced. I stow my suitcase and box under the long seat, use my lunch bag for a pillow, and lie down. Sleep I cannot; my eyes will not stay shut. I think of poor Jacob resting his head on a pillow of stone, but I doubt if it was harder than my lunch bag. My thoughts drift to Christian Science, and I wonder if we could get along just as well without our sleep if we only think so. The hours wear away and daylight comes. I inspect things outside. The country is level, the fields green, and the soil looks productive. There are shade trees and palms and pretty flowers of different kinds. The

station seems to be on the outskirts of the village. I walk up and down the board walk till I am hungry. I go for my lunch bag then; most anything tastes good. The trains pass, the people come and go, and at last that slow, poky train for Pacific Grove is ready. The schedule time for leaving is shortly after eight. Not many passengers are in the car; it jolts about like the old Peaceful & Easy Road in Dutchess Co. Just one ride on it is all the proof needed. Some of the country we pass over is rolling, then hilly. It all looks quite green. For a while we circle around Monterey Bay, which is just a finger of the old Pacific stretched inland.

After stopping at all the stations, we finally reach the end of the road at Pacific Grove near the noon hour. Before long, my cousin, Mrs. M. E. Goble, comes. As my trunk arrived last week, we share the other baggage and walk to her furnished rooms, 210 19th St. They face the east, and are pleasant and very convenient. Pacific Grove is on the south side of Monterey Bay, slightly elevated, sloping down to the beach. It is a rather pretty place. There is quite a growth of

pines in differene parts, also some cottonwood and eucalyptus trees. The streets are wide, and there are many lovely homes and neat little cottages. There are nice stores and churches, but no manufactories. Many people, especially elderly persons, come here to spend the winters. It is a quiet place, and best of all, a temperance one. I am told the last census gave the population as near 5,000, including 675 widows and 441 maiden ladies. I feel that partiality is shown, for I cannot find how many bachelors or widowers are here. I must speak about the flowers, for they are beautiful; I have to stop and admire them every time I walk out—geraniums, heliotropes and calla lilies, as well as climbing roses—and wonder how much larger they could grow. We tour the different beaches at low tide, and find some shells and seaweed. I love to watch the waves as they come roaring, dashing, tumbling in over the rocks and stones. The salt air is invigorating. It is evident that the seagulls like it, for they are here without number. I admire them greatly. They walk the beach, perch on the highest rock, and glide so gracefully over the water. I should think

they would drown when the breakers go over them, but they act as though nothing unusual had occurred. We stop at the Chinese tea garden, and walk to the Old Ladies' Home, which is pleasantly located, and the buildings and grounds in fine shape.

One day we visit the Museum of Natural History. It is impossible for me to tell of all I see, but the different varieties of sea moss is wonderful, as well as the beautiful shells. We call on a maiden lady over seventy years of age who is quite an artist. She is poor, but manages to live on what little she can sell in her line of work and the help of a sister. I think outside friends remember her at holiday time. My cousin and I purchase a small painting of her, and afterwards I buy another small one—a view along the Columbia River, besides two moss books. They are of her own collection and make. A few days later we visit the studio of a middle-aged gentleman of Scotch descent. His work is mostly lanscapes in water colors. They are beautiful. He tells me he has been in New York State and done some sketching along the Hudson River. We take a long walk one afternoon to the

lighthouse. Everything is painted white and is kept spotlessly clean. The lady in charge is very kind to show us about and tells us many interesting things, and of how the last great earthquake affected them. We go close to the powerful lamp that sends its light far out to see. Thanking her for her kindness we take our departure, going to the beach for a short time. Returning, we pick a large bunch of wild poppies. Just before leaving the grounds for the highway, I reach up and get a long piece of gray moss. You will be surprised to see how this kind of moss grows here. Many of the trees are drapped with it, sometimes nearly reaching the ground.

On Sunday eve we attended the M. E. Church. It is not safe to start out unless you are provided with umbrella and rubbers, for it rains several times a day, even when the sun shines. It is their rainy season here now. The nights are cool, and one needs a little fire. Mosquitoes do not bother; my cousin complains of fleas, but they steer clear of me. We go with Mrs. Barham and a gentleman to Moss Beach. They fish, but fail to get anything except crabs, which they give

us. We return over the great sand dunes or hills. It seems impossible that so much sand could ever blow inland. After reaching the top and surveying the situation, we find it so very steep that we decide the safest and quickest way of reaching the road below is to slide down, which we do. I am so tired I can hardly drag myself to 19th Street. Cousin has those crabs on boiling in a hurry, and fine eating they are. We take a trolley ride to Monterey. I am not taken with the place or the people. The first theatre in California was built here and is still standing. Jenny Lind sang in it in the fifties. The old army headquarters and first custom house are here yet; also a large sardine cannery.

A few days later we go through Monterey again to Del Monte. This is owned by the Southern Pacific R. R. The hotel is immense in size, and very handsomely furnished. You would need a mint of gold to board here. In one of the parlors I see a painting of the Yosomite Valley many feet in length and width. Surely a master hand wielded the brush on this canvas, and success crowned his efforts. I am lost in won-

der as I look at it. Here are many acres beautifully laid out in roads, walks, lawn, flower and vegetable gardens, lake, fountain, and children's playground. We visit the Maze, too, which is just as puzzling to get out of as it is to get into. The Arizona garden contains only cacti from that State. I see here the largest liveoaks of any place, and grand trees they are. It is like fairyland, with fine horses and conveyances of all description. I say to myself, "See what money can do, yet it can never buy character or right living. It fails sometimes even to purchase happiness."

March 8.—It is a bright, sunny morning. Several of us decide to take advantage of the Sunday excursion rates to Santa Cruz. We board the early train, changing cars at Castroville, ere long reaching Santa Cruz. We walk about some, then take a short trolley ride along the beach, stopping at the Casino curio department and the public swimming pool, and are back in time for the train that takes us to the Big Tree Grove, five or seven miles out. I wish I could exactly describe this lovely narrow canon through which we

pass, but we must be content with just a glimpse. Both mountain sides are steep, and are covered with tall pines and many other varieties of trees. At the bottom flows what is called a river. It meanders along over the rocks and stones, forming many pretty falls, then again glides along with scarcely a ripple. The wagon road follows near by. As the train gradually winds itself up the mountain side till the summit is reached, it looks as though a good wind or a slight accident might land us all hundreds of feet below. The men and horses in the valley below appear very small to us. We step off the train at Big Tree Station, and open our eyes in wonder. The first thing we do is to find a suitable place to eat our lunch, to which every one does justice. One of our company has a camera, and takes our pictures before we leave the table. We cross the swinging bridge that spans the river we hugged so closely all the way from Santa Cruz. Next we take a good look inside and out of General Fremont Tree. The General camped under this tree in 1846. Its height was 270 feet, but 50 feet or more has been broken off; the circumference is 55 feet. It is hollow

like a tent, and the guide tells us Gen. Fremont and 30 of his men stood inside at one time. Holes had been cut through the thick bark for windows. The thickness of the bark is often three feet, and many souvenirs are made from it. The very largest trees are enclosed by a high board fence. We pay twenty-five cents a piece, and a guide shows us about. Most of the large trees are named after noted men, from Washington to Teddy Roosevelt, the names being tacked on the trees. An iron fence encloses one giant redwood tree, whose height is 310 feet, and its circumference 60. One tree is called Jumbo and derives its name from a peculiar growth on one side resembling an elephant's head. The height of the tree is 270 feet; circumference, 45. This is a fair sample of many of the large redwood trees.

After purchasing some cards, we board the train for Santa Cruz, going through the same narrow, picturesque canon. There are not many minutes to wait at Santa Cruz, the train being on time. We are off for Pacific Grove, feeling the day has been profitably spent in studying the works of our Creator, one that

will be bright in memory. We reach our destination safely, the moon shining and the stars twinkling. We say good night to our friends, going to the Painter Cottage on 19th St. I am very grateful for the opportunity of seeing so much. Were I going to remain longer, I would take the 17-mile drive, and see the Devil's Caldron at Point Lobos, and Carmelo Mission, founded 1774.

March 9.—I pack my trunk this forenoon; after dinner Mr. Painter takes Mrs. Barham, Cousin Maggie and myself for a ride to Moss Beach and Seal Rocks. Where the Pacific proper comes in we find several nice Abilona shells. The weather is perfect; the sky cloudless, and we enjoy the ride. On our return I take two of the shells that have what is called blisters in them to a man who makes jewelry out of them, and have two stick pins and one hat pin made. Two he finishes before dark, and the other will be sent me.

March 10.—Morning dawns bright and clear. The expressman has gone with my trunk, and my cousin and Mrs. Barham accompany me to the depot. After

a two-weeks' stay I say farewell and journey on to Fresno City. Changing at Castroville, I see the Lick Observatory, although it is a number of miles away. The first change I make is at San Jose, where I have several hours to wait for the train to Niles. Were my companion with me, we would check our baggage, and take a trolley ride about the city, but being alone decide it is best not to go wandering about. I have a relative living here, but as she seldom entertains even her own people, I will make her no extra work, hoping in time she will visit the land of her birth, and know that hospitality among her eastern relatives has not diminished. At last the hours wear away. The station matron is kind to help me on the right train. The scenery to Niles is fine, at which place I make good connection, and soon I am journeying toward Tracy. The land is rolling and hilly, and in some places comparatively level. The green mantle that covers them is refreshing to the eye, when you know how barren New Mexico, Arizona, and parts of California are, where not even a blade of grass can be found. For many miles we pass near a new railroad that is being

built—the Western Union, I think. It is dark when I change at Tracy, so I cannot tell how it looks around here. I know it nearly uses me up to get on board the train with all my luggage. I eat my lunch, getting what rest I can, and find I will not have to change cars at Lathrop, for which I am very grateful. It is near eleven at night when the train reaches Fresno City. George H. Clapp, brother of C. A. Clapp, of Dutchess County, N. Y., is here to meet me. He takes me safely to the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Sarah E. Downing, 2021 Illinois Ave., where I shall spend the remaining five weeks of my stay in California. Mrs. Downing has been ill for a long time. She is improving now, but persons advanced in years gain strength slowly. As Mrs. Clapp is far from well, I will endeavor to make myself useful in general, and do considerable sightseeing, too.

March 18.—Mrs. Clapp and I take the Santa Fe R. R. to Reedly, to visit her daughter, Mrs. William Reonald. Glad of a chance to see what ranching means. Mr. Reonald gave $5,000 for forty acres of



SANTA FE DEPOT, REEDLY.



REEDLY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



DRIVE WEST OF REEDLY.

land, partly improved. Half of it had been set with raisin grapes three years previous, but there was no buildings, water or fences. First a well was driven and a barn built. The family lived in the barn till the house was so they could live in that. Last year they did the building, and this season hope to paint and make many needed improvements. They have set out fruit and shade trees, and now they are drilling in oats and plowing the vineyards and pruning the vines. They are a mile and a half from the village of Reedly. The

country is very level, the soil sandy; yet everything you plant will grow, if you can get water to irrigate with. Horses are stabled, and cows staked out. A school teacher has bought the ranch next Mr. Reonald, set with grapes the same as his. She will build this year, then rent it next. I do not care to invest in real estate here.



GREAT WESTERN VINEYARD, REEDLY.

March 21.—We return to Fresno this afternoon, and on Sunday we attend the M. E. Church. As Mrs. Downing's housekeeper came the fore part of last week, it gives us a chance to go about the city more.

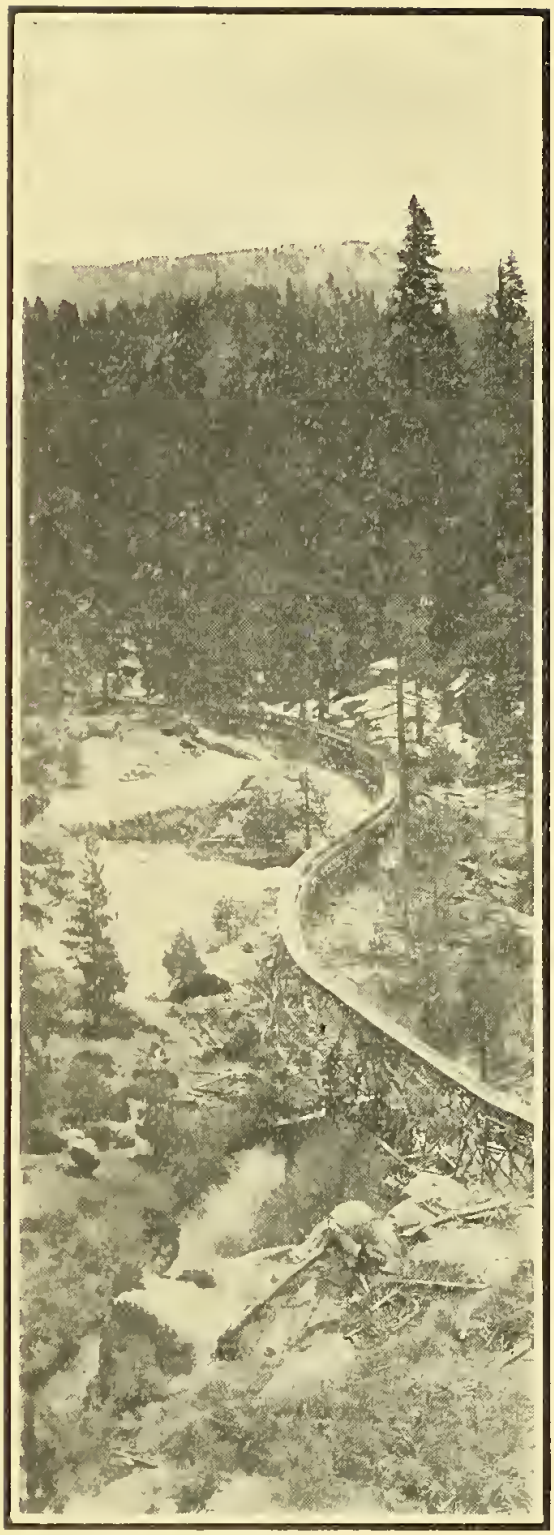


GREAT WESTERN VINEYARD, REEDLY.

Fresno is a large city, with many packing houses, ice plant and creameries, some manufactories, fine school buildings, churches, sanitarium and hotels. All the public buildings seem to be substantially made, especially the jail roof, the lower part of which is covered with broken bottles set edgeways in cement. It would be more than one's life is worth to escape over that roof. The park is lovely, and the drinking fountain is a blessing to thirsty pedestrians. The streets are wide, and through the principal ones we find trolleys, so getting about is comparatively easy. I enjoy

looking in the stores. We stop at the library. Mr. Bernham gives Mrs. Clapp, Waterbury and I a ride to the cemetery four miles out in his auto one afternoon. On our return we pass through China-town, by the subway, and stop at the Chamber of Commerce.

This building is filled with the products of California. We do some measuring here, so there is no need to doubt my statments. There are cornstalks 18 feet long, and oats that stand 7 feet high, raised in Fresno County, near Kings River. The Flume & Irrigation Co., Covis, Fresno Co., brought down a sugar pine plank, 4 inches thick, 54 inches wide, and 15 feet long. Mr. G. H. Clapp helped to get it there. A large bell hangs in the center of the room, the inside being made of dried peaches, the outside of dried figs. In a case hang seven large bunches of dried raisin grapes, the combined weight of which is 75 pounds. One enormous grape-leaf measuses 13 by 15 inches. There are all kinds of fruit and vegetables in large glass jars. They certainly show off to good advantage. Their canned and dried fruits are fine.



The Flume that brings the Lumber down from Shaver Mountain.
60 Miles Long.

As we enter the building from the east there stands a large case of different makes of macaroni. Farther on is a life sized eagle, made from dried raisin grapes; also a large dog. In the middle of the building is a fountain, with potted plans setting around it. There is a small exhibit of a fine grade of stones, some containing ore. The manager is kind, giving us all needed information. We are asked to register, and do so. One needs to spend a day here to see all, and I shall come again before leaving for the east.

We are told of a monster lemon exhibited by Dr. Malchonian that weighs two pounds and two ounces, and measures 16¼ inches around the middle and 18 inches around endways. The lemon was grown four miles west of Fresno. The tree is small and bore only about two dozen lemons. It now has blossoms, green and ripe lemons.

Mr. Utter, a lawyer from San Francisco, is here on business with Mrs. Downing, and will remain several days. Mr. G. H. Clapp, Mr. Utter and I visit the Court House and climb the winding stairs to the dome. I hardly think I could have gained the last

steps, only for the help they gave me. I am glad I persevered, for the view is grand. Before us, or rather below us, lies the City of Fresno, level as a floor. I can locate many places I have visited, including Mrs. Downing's residence. Fresno covers a large area. The roads and streets are broad, with more or less shade trees along the sidewalks. The city is lighted by electricity, and gas is used by many for cooking. The city furnishes the water; still many people owning property have driven wells, for it takes considerable water to sprinkle their lawns and flower and vegetable gardens, which nearly every house has. Users of the city water are taxed according to the amount used. The soil is sandy, and water poured or sprinkled on disappears quickly. The streets are sprinkled with oil to lay the dust, which is very sticky to walk in when first put on. When dry, the roads seem a bit spongy. While the print of the horses' shoe is left, they seldom cut through; still I should think it would be hard on their feet. Fresno is called the "Hub of California." They consider you have not seen California if you have not seen Fresno.

The agricultural products of Fresno County in 1907 were valued at $31,000,000. It has a population of 50,000. The never-failing snows of the mountains in this county supply ample water to fill the 15,000 miles of canals and ditches for Fresnos thirsty acres. The dairy herds form a mine of wealth to their fortunate owners. There has been a great increase in the output of oil, estimated in 1907 to be 10,000 barrels. They call it the place for a man of small means, and so on, but I visit their packing houses, and take note they work just as hard to earn a dollar as we do East. While they claim their soil will produce more to the acre, and of better quality than any other State in the Union, don't you believe it. I have seen just as good crops raised in Dutchess County. I know the climate is such in California that they can grow different varieties of fruit than the East—lemons, oranges, figs, dates and olives; but if the same could be grown East, the West would fail in getting an eastern market for their supplies. The climate is called just delightful; that includes the central and southern parts of California; the northern part has fully its share of

snow and ice, and the severest kind of winter weather. Then, too, they have frequent shakings and suffer greatly from loss of life and property. I am told there is but little trace of the last great earthquake at San Francisco or San Jose. One lady says, "Oh, I would not live East for any amount; you have such cold winters and terrible showers, thunder and lightning." Well, I tell her the things is evenly balanced; I would not exchange our winters and showers, even if it did thunder and lightenin., for their quakes and hot summers, when the thermometer averages from 107 to 110 in the shade, and often higher; the nights are cool, to be sure, but the mosquitoes and flees make up the difference. Still she seems to think I would soon get used to the quakes, hot weather and fleas. Now, this woman was born and brought up in Dutchess County, and came to California over thirty years ago; truly she is wedded to the Golden State, and long may she live to enjoy it! I meet several persons that talk as though the East has no opportunities for a poor person. I tell them, "I know it has chances for all, if we are ready to grasp them as

them pass along. We are no out-of-date class of people; we are on the progress all the time. If you don't believe it, come and see. Pray, tell me if California is not to-day what people from eastern states have made it." There is no answer to this question. They argue they have finer cities and more wealth. "Yes," I answer, "possibly, but not probably. I know wealthy men from New York have bought fine estates here, to be sure, but they brought their money with them. Still, we have plenty of millionaires left. There are many things in New York State that are worth seeing; our grand, old Hudson is the Rhine of America. We are not selfish enough to want the Yosemite Valley or the Yellowstone Park; as for your deserts and Rocky Mountains, you are welcome to them." They find I am no good convert, so they drop the subject.

One afternoon we take a trolley ride to Sunnyside, and to Recreation Park. This is a pretty place. Roses are beginning to bud, and we will come out later when they are in full bloom. We cross the field to the County Home and Hospital. It is pleasantly

located, and the grounds are nicely laid out in walks and driveways. Both the home and the hospital are low buildings covering considerable ground, and looking as though made of concrete with tile roofing. The man i ncharge of the lawn is having the Fillifua, or threaded palms, trimmed. I ask him for a leaf, and he says, "Take all you like." They are immense, and one is all I can possibly manage, with its cruel, thorn-like stem. How fortunate it is that the trolley car has seats on the outside as well as the inside, or I could never get that leaf to Illinois Avenue. As it is, I succeed, and am there in time for tea. Now your curiosity is aroused, no doubt, to know what I am going to do with it. Mr. Clapp saws the stem in two pieces, then Mrs. Clapp and I braid the long, finger-like ends of the leaf, and fasten them in shape for a paper-holder. I am going to take it East with me.

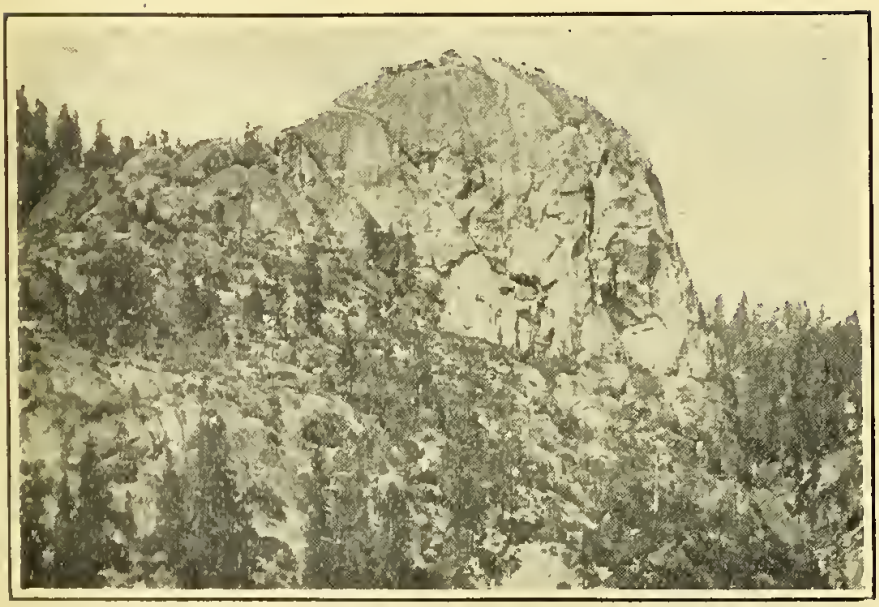
Mr. G. H. Clapp and I go to the creamery this morning for milk, but just a little too late to see them freeze their ice. Auntie Troth and I visit the raisin packing house. They are putting the seeded

raisins in pound boxes. I compare them to a lot of bees, every one working as fast as possible, no drones being in this hive. They are paid by the number of boxes they fill. I want to buy a box, but can get it no cheaper here than in New York, so I will wait until I return east, and buy California raisins there.

This is another lovely Sabbath morning, and Auntie Troth and I attend service at the Presbyterian Church and hear an interesting sermon by the pastor, Mr. Wallace. His kindly face expresses his love for the Master he so faithfully serves. Later, one Sunday evening we attend the Baptist Church. This minister is a bit noisy.

Mrs. G. H. Clapp and I spend a day with Mrs. Waterbury and son, who are getting ready to spend the summer on Shaver Mountain, about 75 miles northwest from here. They will leave as soon as their new house is finished and rented.

The following Sunday I go with Mrs. Waterbury to the M. E. Church, and in the evening I accompany Mrs. Emerson to her church. It is now the first week in April. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp move into their



BIG CREEK DOME, SHAVER.



DEVIL'S CALDRON, SHAVER.



SHAVER MILLS.



SHAVER LUMBER YARD.



MR. & MRS. CLAPP'S HOME ON R ST.

house on R Street. It is a nice home, and centrally located. I enjoy helping them settle, but I assure you they are missed at the Downing Cottage. Since they have gone I sprinkle with the hose the flower and vegetable gardens, and the alfalfa and asparagus beds. The orange, lemon, fig, olive, peach and pear trees claim their share of attention, so every morning I give them their portion of water, but the next morning finds them dry as ever. The orange and lemon trees are in bloom, and the air is filled with their fragrance. Peach and pear blossoms are about gone,



MR. & MRS. CLAPP UNDER THE PEPPER TREES.

but the roses are beginning to be beautiful. From my bedrom window, just at the dawn of day, I can see a little bird that comes to the hydrant for drink. It will put its bill in the opening to catch the drops of water that occasionally fall to the ground, and if a few drops remain on the board, it will try to bathe. It seems hard that even the birds must be pinched for water. At last I find an old tin basin which I keep filled with water, so they can drink or bathe, no matter how early or how late they come. There are but few birds. I miss the song of

the robin and the oriole, as well as the Phoebebird and the little wren. Perhaps the scarcity of running water may be the principal cause. There are no forests or swampy growths near here, no cool retreat for the little feathered tribe during the hot summer months. There may be more birds along Kings River, which is about 12 miles from Fresno, and ten miles to San Joaquin River. Most likely there are snakes, too. When I am out in the fields I look sharp to find a bumble-bee, but fail. As for Fresno horses, dogs and cats, they are a fair sample of Eastern stock.

Sunday, April 12—I expect my traveling companion, Miss A. M. Gidley, from Arizona, near noon to-day on the fast mail, Southern Pacific Road. Mr. G. H. Clapp accompanies me to the station. On the way we meet Oliver Van Wagner, formerly from Dutchess County, a bachelor, too. As it is Leap Year, do not be surprised if one of Fresno fair daughters wins him. The train is on time. My! What a vast army of passengers! Who are they, and

where are they going? Mr. Clapp is first to see my companion, and she compliments him for knowing an old maid at sight. As our stay in Fresno is short, we must make every day count, and see all we can about the city.

Tuesday, April 14.—Mrs. Clapp, Miss Gidley and I take the trolley to Sunnyside entrance. Here we leave the car, taking the main driveway to the grounds. After walking nearly a mile under the shade of the palm, oleander and eucalyptus trees, we come to a large irrigating ditch. We decide it is a good place to sit down under the willows and eat our lunch. A large orange grove is at the right; to the left are hundreds of acres set with grapes. This is one of the largest wine-producing vineyards in Fresno County. I am told it is owned and managed by three women. Their home is certainly a palatial one, and the lawn and flowers beautiful. Still I could not be happy there. I realize their fine estate in one sense was purchased with someone's bread and clothes, to say nothing about health, home and hap-

piness. We see the large buildings where the wine is made and stored. After resting, we start for the trolley. No car there. We walk on some distance to where an irrigating ditch crosses the road. Here is what is called a trolley station made from an enormous winecask. It stands on end; the door is cut in the side, and two small holes serve for windows. Seats are fitted around, so that four or five persons can sit down and not be crowded. Here we take the car for Fresno, Wednesday, April 15.

We go to the general office of Southern Pacific Road, purchase tickets for Oakland, and pay for berth in sleeper. We take dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, then out to Recreation Park. It is like fairyland here. The walks are trellised and covered with climbing roses in full bloom—small red ones, white ones, yellow ones, single and double. Great clusters of purple and white wisteria hang through the latticework overhead. It is a sight one never forgets. The perfume far surpasses anything Colgate can manufacture. I thought of a lecture I heard Mark D. Wilbur give a number of years ago on his

travels through California during the height of the rose season. I confess I doubted his statements, but, being here and seeing for myself, I doubt him no longer.

There is no insect here to destroy the beauty of the rose leaves, and they are perfect in color and shape.

We are back to the city in time for lunch, then hasten to the Chambers of Commerce this evening, to see the moving pictures—views of Fresno County and its products. They are fine, particularly the landscape views along Kings River. Being late, we hurry back, for we need all the rest we can get. This is our last night in Fresno. The moonlight is grand; the stars twinkle, and I imagine they say not only good night, but goodbye. I have been here five weeks, and there has been no rain, nor even a drop of dew. The sky has been cloudless day after day, so form your own idea as to how clean we are after tramping about all day. We need one of Dutchess County's good showers, no matter if it does thunder and lighten some.

April 16—We pack our trunks this morning, and a job we have, as they are more than full. I ride with the expressman to the depot and have them checked to Oakland. This afternoon Mr. Drew succeeds in getting an auto to take us to Kerney Park and back. Now that chauffeur has an eye to business. He covers all the twenty miles in less than an hour, charges us $3, and goes so fast we can hardly see the Park. The way we fly past places and people makes us hold tight to our hats. We laugh and my companion says, "I call this going some, don't you?" Well, the ride is worth the $3, and I hope that fellow enjoys it, for he never says one word.

Our host and her cook have a warm lunch awaiting us; then I help my companion to the trolley so she will get to the depot before dark. I return to Mrs. Downing's, thanking her for my pleasant visit, and Mrs. Emerson for her many acts of kindness, and say farewell, which is the hardest part. They are advanced in years, and I shall not meet them again in this sphere. I take my suit case and packages, and call at Mr. Clapp's. His good wife has a large

lunch box filled for us. They go with me to the Southern Pacific depot, where my companion is waiting. They sit with us till nearly eight o'clock, when the sleeper is on the track. They help us aboard; we say goodbye to the dear friends who have added many happy hours to our visit. We find the number of our berth and retire. Between one and two the fast train from Los Angeles, called "The Owl," takes our sleeper, and we leave fair Fresno.

We arrive at Oakland between nine and ten this forenoon, April 17. We have been so busy looking all the morning, we forgot our breakfast. Hungry? Should say we were! Having lunched, we feel decidedly better, and find that our lunch box is somewhat lighter.

I make inquiry about getting our tickets validated, and find the quickest way is to board the train and go to Oakland Pier. Trains run every five minutes, and we are not much longer than that going, and find the general office without trouble. Our tickets are soon put in shape, sleeping berth engaged, and we are back to Oakland very quickly. Mrs.

Downing, of Fresno, has an intimate friend living here—a Mrs. Meade, and she asked as a favor that I call and see her.

We leave our baggage with the agent, and start out, taking the trolley for several blocks, then walking till we find the number. We ring the bell; a white-haired woman comes. I ask her name, tell her who we are and where we have been visiting, and that Mrs. Downing wished us to call and see her, for she is feeble and will be some time before she is able to stand the journey to Oakland herself. I wish I could portray the happy expression that lights Mrs. Mead's face, and the warm welcome she gives us. It warms our lonely hearts. Her maiden name was Russell, and she was born and brought up in Dutchess County. I know many in the East she does, so we talk till near one o'clock. She invites us to lunch, and while partaking she tells us how the great earthquake at San Francisco affected Oakland. She said: "Many buildings were partially twisted from their foundation. The walls were so badly cracked that we dare not spend much time in the house, for we

were fearful of another shake. The house might fall, and our home be destroyed. Oakland had its share of San Francisco's sufferers, many of them scantily clothed. We all turned in to help, and a certain number was alloted me. We were obliged to cook in the streets, but the problem was, how could we shelter them? There were not tents enough; the churches were not damaged, so they were given to our service. In that way we managed. There were many heart-rending scenes. One touching incident I will relate of a little girl, seven or eight years old, who, with her Newfoundland dog, were the sole survivors of her family.

'The committee thought best to kill all dogs, as food was so scarce, and the present outlook for a quick supply from outside sources seemed unfavorable just them. The little girl would not consent to have her dog killed. With her arms about his neck and tears in her eyes, she pleaded for his life, saying, "I will divide my share with him; he is all I have." They granted her wish, and she seemed so happy. Her dog was her constant companion. The committee

wanted me to adopt her. Gladly would I, but my own family was all I could possibly do for, but I promised to care for her till some other provision is made. Soon the girl and her dog were given a home in a nice family.

"It was hard to live in the way we did. At last food was sent, and money, too, and the light shakings ceased. Work began in earnest, rebuilding and securing homes for the homeless."

When we leave I tell her, "We have enjoyed every moment of our stay, and we regret we are obliged to leave so soon. I hope you may come East and visit your relatives and friends, and please don't pass us by."

In short order we are back to the station, where we improve every minute of the time left us in writing. Oakland is called a pretty place. Had we the time, would tour the city and see for ourselves. Certainly there is nothing handsome here at Sixteenth Street station, on the outskirts of the city, close to the edge of San Francisco Bay. Muddy enough is the water; the tide has gone out and the beach is one

vast stretch of mud. A light fog obscures San Francisco.

At 6:57 we leave on the fast mail, the sun just setting. Twenty-six miles from Oakland we cross Port Costa Bay, and later the Sacramento River and city. As night advances, I know we are climbing the Rockies. It is called the Sierra Range. There is a change in the air. I can hear the coal going into the great heater that warms our sleeper. Now we pass through the snowsheds. Oh! how I wish we could take this part of our journey by daylight. We nearly strain our eyes out trying to see.

April 18.—Not a moment to be lost in sleep this morning. We are up and dressed just at daylight, and are almost on top of the Rockies. Snow and ice are to be seen, and occasionally a stunted pine. Sometimes we see small streams of water go rushing down and great yawning chasms. We are told, Mt. Sherman is the highest point, and that it is 8,000 feet high, but I don't know in which direction to look for it. The train crosses at a lower elevation. Here we are

right on the mountain top. What a grand sight. We are looking down on Donner Lake. It is completely hemmed in by the Rockies. Not a living thing can I discern on its shore. It is silently beautiful. For a while we seem to circle around the lake on the mountain top, then in and out of snowsheds and tunnels as we pass down the east side. It requires two engines to pull us up the hill, but one is enough to take us down. As we emerge from the mountains, Truckee is the first station. Oh, how barren and rocky! Not even mullens could grow here. After a little the land looks better. We are in Nevada, now. We feel the need of a hot breakfast, so we answer the first call. Everything is nice, and the price reasonable.

Our next stop is at Reno, a city of 30,000 inhabitants. The country is level, and looks productive. Later on we pass the Humbolt Basin, in which the Humbolt River empties. In places in the Alkali Desert the ground looks as though there has been a light fall of snow. The conductor tells me it is alkali. The land is practically worthless, with no water for

man or beast, unless it is distilled. This they do, the alkali being made into bicarbonate of soda. Scarcely a person is to be seen along the way, except at the stations. All night we journey through a desert country.

April 19—Easter Morning. We are in Utah, crossing one corner of Great Salt Lake, on which is called the Lucin Cut-off Trestle. Its actual length from land to land is 11¾ miles, and it contains 25,000 piles. The longest single pile is 90 feet, and the longest spliced pile, 120 feet. The length of fill on each end of the trestle is five miles. The cost of constructing the cut-off is estimated at $15,000,000. There is a building in the center of the trestle, called Mid Lake. A few miles farther we find Rambo, a station where many thousand cars of rock were emptied to form a foundation, and made no pmpression. However, the difficulty has at last been overcome. It is known as the longest trestle in the world, and required three years to be built. The extreme length of Great Salt Lake is 100 miles and

the greatest width 70 miles, and the greatest dept 31 feet. The water is a most beautiful shade of blueish green. On the west shore where the water has receded, the salt has been scraped in large heaps for drawing.

The day is perfect, and with so much to see the time passes quickly. The train stops at Ogden for an hour, when many of us get out and look about the city. I get us a lunch of rolls and butter and two red apples. I like the looks of the place. The mountain scenery from here to Evanston is grand, Devil Slide included. I believe this is called the Wasatch Range, and the tops are covered with snow. The conductor tells us we are in Weber Canon, and will soon pass the Devil's Slide. I wonder what next, and if His Majesty will appear. The train slows up, so we get a better view of it. It is a path in solid rock, about three or four feet wide, extending up the mountain side many hundred feet. The outer edge has ragged stony projections along it. We decide the rain and snows are probably what keeps the

slide worn so smooth, yet my companion says, "Who knows, the old fellow may at times skip down."

Echo, whose elevation is 5,741 feet, is the last stop made before we cross the line into Wyoming. It is a barren country about here. We watch the sun set on the plains. It is lovely. During the night we stop at Cheyenne. It is down grade, and the train speeds with the swiftness of the eagle.

April 20—About daylight we begin to pass through good farming country, stopping at North Platte, Neb., fifteen minutes. It seems quite a nice place. We cross the Platte River just beyond, and stop ten minutes at Fremont. It is near sundown when the train crosses the Missouri River at Omaha. Here our cheerful friends, Mrs. Sims and husband, leave us for their home at Fairbanks, La. We cross the State of Iowa to-night.

April 21.—At daylight we cross the Mississippi, which is the boundary between Iowa and Illinois. About ten we enter Chicago, where Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Miss Bellman leave us. We are con-

veyed across the city in a bus to the Erie depot. Not having long to wait, we refresh ourselves with hot coffee and lunch. The train leaves near eleven. While Chicago is the second largest city in the United States, I would not care to live here. In the part we pass through the streets are not half wide enough. From the car window I can see there are fine business blocks, and their draught-horses are of heavy build. We have a distant view of the lake.

We pass through Indiana and cross the line into Ohio about four P. M. When the train stops at Spencerville, I notice many oil wells and a large building where wooden barrel hoops are made. When near Marion we go to the diner for lunch. I see my companion is leaving her handbag. I insist on her taking it. She says no, everybody is honest; but she did push it under the seat. After our return she fails to look in her bag and see if everything is there. Along in the night there is a change in conductors, and the porter comes through to wake the sleepers up and have them get their tickets ready. I have our tickets, and as the conductor passes on I turn to

my companion. The dreadful expression of her face plainly tells me something is wrong. She exclaims, "I have been robbed! My watch and chain is gone, and my gold stones, too! I put them in my bag for safe keeping, then left it under the seat. Someone must have seen me and took them while we were at lunch." I tell the conductor and porter. They say the company will do what they can towards finding it, but it is doubtful if they can get any trace, for it was a slick piece of work. The thief probably made good his escape at Marion. I am sorry for my companion, as her watch was a keepsake given her some years ago. She has changed her opinion as to everybody's honesty. I regret this happened, as it cast a shadow on our last day's journey. We cannot enjoy as we would like the beautiful scenery along the Erie through this, our home State.

Our last change is Middletown, reaching Newburgh near six P. M., April 22nd, a little less than three months since we left. We have traveled at the lowest estimate over 6,700 miles, on nine different railroads, and through seventeen different states after

leaving New York. We fully agree that the old Empire State is the best of all, but we expect to tour the West again sometime, health permitting.

Now, kind friends, you can aid us greatly by purchasing one of my little books.